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DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT



FRANCOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE

(Philosophical Portrait Series)

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Francois Marie Arouet de Voltaire



SUPREME in the intellectual realm of the eighteenth century stands the name of Voltaire. In thought and action he was almost a world unto himself. Famous among his compeers as a man of literary merit and great perservance, possessed of indomitable will and courage, the clouds of orthodox bigotry and intolerance by which he was surrounded were unable to dim the bright lustre of his great glory and the name of Voltaire is loved, honored and respected throughout the civilized world at this day where liberty finds a resting place.

He was born at Chatenay, France, on the 20th day of February, 1694. His correct name, or that which he derived from his parents, was Francois Arouet. Marie was given to him as a baptismal name in accordance with the Roman Catholic custom, which is still prevalent, many male members of the Catholic church assuming feminine names taken from the supposed saints upon being baptized. The name Voltaire was self assumed and he did enough to make it famous among men of letters and a terror to the religious bigot and political tyrant. The assumption of the name of Voltaire was also in accordance with custom, as the younger members of the French nobility of the day and generation of Voltaire assumed names other and different from the family name. So that in time, while he was simply regarded as Voltaire, his full name developed as it is above given, from the causes mentioned, into Francois Marie Arouet de Voltaire. His father, at the time of his birth was treasurer to the Chamber of Accounts and was a prominent member of the French nobility. His mother, formerly Mlle. Marguerite de Aumart, also came from a noble family of Poitou, so that for wealth Voltaire was very happily situated and was not compelled to stifle opinion for the sake of a livelihood.

It is recorded by one of his biographers, especially the Marquis de Condorcet, that Voltaire was born with but feeble health, so much so that it was well marked and his baptism had to be deferred until November 22, of the same year of his birth, which took place at the church of St. Andre-Arco, at Paris.

The father of Voltaire had intended his son for the judiciary and it was his fond hope that some day he would have the satisfaction of seeing his son on the bench. He was first sent to the College of Jesuits to be educated. Most of the young French aristocrats were sent to this institution as a means of educating them into loyalty to church and crown. At an early age Voltaire saw the hollowness and hypocrisy of both church and royalty pretensions and he soon gave publication to his earlier denunciations of both systems. He was first a poet, then became playwright, later an essayist and developed into one of the greatest militant philosophers of his day. Now the fire of Voltaire's zeal flamed forth all over Europe and it withstood the assaults of the church. The priesthood cowered before his bright genius and their combined efforts failed to extinguish its light. He aimed at the very foundations of the church and throne, the twin evils that have cursed mankind for centuries. He challenged the divine rights of kings and laughed to scorn the pretensions of the priesthood. He stabbed their dogmas with smiles and laid them low with his keen wit and biting sarcasm. All this kindled within the clergy the fires of hatred and they lived in hopes of revenge. They feared him living and they wished

for his death, but, alas, for them, only to fear him more. His doctrines had been widely promulgated throughout France and the people had learned to love and honor him in spite of clerical protest.

While still a young man he found it necessary to leave France to insure his personal safety. He went to England. Here, the deep philosophy of Shaftsbury, heightened by the commentaries of Bolingbroke, and fanned into living fire by the embellishments of Pope, had produced a new school of deism which found a ready acceptance in the mind of Voltaire. Let it be understood that Voltaire was a deist. He was practically of the same school as Paine and Franklin. He did not question the existence of deity but he strove to break through the clouds of ignorant superstition with which the clergy had surrounded the idea of deity. This was his life work and he succeeded admirably. The philosophy of Descartes was being discussed and this aided in the further development of the great genius of Voltaire. The closing years of his active life were spent in his chateau at Ferney, situated on the borders of Switzerland and France. For several years he lived and worked in Geneva, Switzerland, because the authorities had made it too hot for him in his native land. Here he bid defiance to both king and pope and today the visitors at both Ferney and Geneva hunt for relics of Voltaire.

The seeming triumph of the clergy was at hand. In common with all humanity, Voltaire could not live for ever. He had to die. During his declining years the priesthood waited with vehement impatience. Letters were written by august bishops and orders issued by priests in authority to the effect that at his death, Voltaire should be denied interment in the regular burial grounds. Only by trickery did he succeed in circumventing them, and because of this trick, which was played upon the Abbe St. Sulfice, the sacrament was administered by Voltaire feigning death, and the Abbe Mignot gave the body burial at Romillil-on the Seine, located about one hundred miles from Paris.

Voltaire died on May 30, 1778. The next day the body was placed in a carriage and sat upright therein to resemble an invalid, with a servant by its side. Six horses were attached to the carriage in order to convey the impression that it contained some nobleman on a journey and to prevent its molestation en-route. Then came a night of travel and the next morning the carriage containing the body of France's most illustrious son arrived at the Abbe. The proper papers were shown, mass was performed and the body of Voltaire found burial. A few moments thereafter the Prior of the Abbe had received a threatening letter from his Bishop forbidding Voltaire burial, but it was too late.

At the time the body was embalmed the heart of Voltaire was removed and preserved in a silver case. After the theft of the remains the sarcophagus was opened for the purpose of placing the heart therein, when it was discovered to be empty.

The church could not subdue him living. It insulted him dead. For malice and cruelty, its conduct towards Voltaire's inoffensive corpse is without parallel. Cold and unfeeling it wreaked the paltry vengeance upon his corpse which he had, from sentiment, dreaded so much, but in so doing the priesthood exposed its own inherent weakness and betrayed its peculiar savage nature.

But Voltaire is dead; Long live Voltaire.

Superstition and Idolatry are Enemies of Freedom

Sound and Practical Suggestions for a More
Beneficent Propaganda of Freethought
and Trite Proclamation of Its
Truths.

(By Theophilus Philosophus.)

No institution can have any great success or influence in the world of to-day that does not have the approval of scholars and thinkers. It does not need to be expensive and richly dressed, but it must be neat, tasty, and scrupulously chaste and accurate in statement. It should not be bespangled with technicalities. It can educate without that in the deepest truths. But its educating influences are of a low order, if devoid of neatness, accuracy and good cheer. Pessimistic and wrangling articles do harm all round.

Superstition and idolatry are the enemies that the lover of freedom and progress wishes to abolish. Systematic knowledge, so given that the receiving mind can grasp with pleasure and use it effectively in thinking and in practice, is the only remedy that makes a useful, friendly convert from error.

A positive advocacy, even of error, makes far better headway than a negative pessimism, even of truth. Especially does a warm, sympathetic nature shun the latter and seek the former. Are not these great and profound truths? But let truth and warm positive advocacy go together and nothing can resist it. In view of these truths, it is clear to see that many of our (so-called) Freethinking (?) writers and speakers have made life seem so sombre and worthless that the warm-hearted have turned away from them in disgust.

What we should show is warmer and happier lives and advocacy than do the superstitious god-lovers. As students of organic life, we should never forget that the passions love (in all its variety), hates, generosity and selfishness, etc., were developed long before intellect, that thinks abstractly, awakened, and are far more deeply fixed in our natures, and are yet far more powerful in controlling us than is abstract thinking. Hence, he who would lead must not neglect to wisely feed these appetites. The charlatan may get great

following by attending to the passions, so as more easily to deceive the thinking faculty. So the lover of truth, to succeed best in educating the intellect, must wisely provide satisfaction to the impulses, especially the higher social impulses that merge into the intellectual.

I was especially pleased with the article in the Blue Grass Blade two or three numbers back on the beneficial effects on culture by reading good literature. To cover that whole field, articles discussing the subject of association would be in place.

In considering the sum of things only, man became a theist and a worshiper. In considering the individual things, he became a worker and in considering both the individual and collection of things, he became a philosopher—a scientist—both a worker and a worshiper. But his worship has gradually been removed from the entities to truth itself, and this is his substitute for a passionate god. We (as heretics from faith—religion) have dishonored our god, unwittingly. Let us deify truth, for it is the true redeemer in every time of need. Then when we work, we are praying to our god, for our faith in the power of truth is so strong that we ever appeal to it and succeed, and thus we have the only faith that removes mountains and all possible movables to man.

But "what is truth," our god? Is it a being possessed of consciousness and passions? If so, it is also the Christian, Mohammedan, Brahman and Buddhist god, and we, like them, are idolaters. No, here is the fundamental distinction between a thinking faith and a superstitious or non thinking faith. Our god, truth, has no personality or passion. These belongs to things which, hence, are individual, substantial, finite, and we are idolaters when we prostrate ourselves in reverence before them. But, yet, what then is Truth? Simply the perception within our sensorium, the brain, of the relationships between or among the impressions brought there by the impulses of our special senses, by contact with something else than ourselves. But often this apparent truth is burdened with error! and in adopting in practice as a dogma we preach error—honestly it may be, but not wisely.

What is necessary then to avoid this erroneous (apparent) kind of truth? All organized religions are full of this kind of truth—half truth. It is necessary also to have wisdom. What is that? Simply such apparent truth as can be proven to be actually true. How is that done? By repeated experience under varying circumstances, using all applicable senses, and comparing with similar tests of others, until our generalized, or modified conceptions, in every way fit, or correspond to the relationships of the things under consideration, so that in putting our supposed truth into practice to bring about other similar relationships or results, we invariably succeed. In other words, in possession of a good working fund of proven truth. When we formalize such truth into spoken or written statement, it becomes logical truth, that may be transmitted and advantageously used by others. A written systematically connected body of such truths upon any subject, becomes the science of that subject, and serves all mankind equally well when equally well practiced.

For any one to grow in wisdom, he or she must learn what truth is, how to get it and to prove it, or at least know the well accredited authors of it. "Can man be the author of his god, and truly worship it?" Some one asks. Yes; man has always been the creator of his gods.

Ingersoll truthfully said: "The creation of a just god is the greatest work of man." The creation of truth is the most just work of man, therefore it is his greatest god. But it is a passionless god. To have the social impulses, to work upon them in others we must commence with conscious, impulsive beings. To do wisely, with best results, we must know social science by close observation and by wide study of the great social scientists of all ages.

It is a vast and solemn responsibility one assumes, when he sets himself up as a teacher of social science. Yet the world is full of quacks in this field, who have no conception of the true profession. They are blind leaders of the blind, and spend their lives chiefly in rant and curses against their equals or betters, and get society in many bloody and destructive encounters.

Why John's Faith Was Changed

Short Freethought Story Illustrating How
Faith Must Give Way to Fact and the
Influences exerted on the Mind.

(By John H. Schwartz.)

It was spring. Bubbling brooks had broken their icy fetters and were hurrying toward the sea. The blue bird and wren had already settled the contest for the hole in the old apple tree. Nature had taken on new life on every side, and the gentle zephyrs blew softly from the southland, scattering their garnced fragrance lavishly everywhere. John's simple life was in perfect tune with his surroundings. Merry-hearted he whistled away at his work. Time flew swiftly by, and the day was fast approaching which to him would mark the most ecstatic moment of his life. This thought alone thrilled his soul to its sweetest depths.

For five short years, to him, he had wooed Mary, and through all that time his sole thought was of her. The little farm he bought, and the cozy little cottage he built, was but for Mary. Patiently, happily, he pursued his labors through storm and sunshine, through success and adversity, and the one name that illumined his way was Mary. Soon she would be his wife, his own dear Mary.

John and Mary had been married but a year when a sweet-faced, blue-eyed little girl came to live with them. Their wedded life had been one continuous love-dream. Nothing to mar their happiness. Whatever John did was always best, and Mary's doings were never wrong. But the arrival of the baby was love consummated. New hopes, new desires, new expectations, were born with it, and now life to them was truly a reality and worth the living.

Two more years rolled rapidly around and a little boy, a perfect cherub, joined them. John was almost overcome with joy and the happiness of Mary was unbounded. What a family! What a perfect family! What a complete family! Father, mother, son, daughter! They could not have chosen better themselves. It must have been god's blessing. They had been taught of the goodness of god at mother's knee.

A few Sundays later saw John and Mary taken into the church, and afterward attended faithfully all the means of grace. Over and over again they thanked god for their happy family, and oft they prayed to

keep it intact. They trusted as only a simple and rural people can. Apparently all was well with them. Such abiding faith! Such confiding love!

The two children had entered school. Every morn Mary watched through the window the hurrying of little feet as they tripped lightly out of sight. How earnestly her prayers followed them! How lovingly she met them at the door on their return and kissed them! Yet she never forgot John, patient, toiling John, on whose strong arm she trustingly leaned. But one evening she could not meet them. She had such a cold. The cough never left her. Her step became less buoyant; her face lost its freshness; and the luster left her eyes. John saw only too well the approaching end. He knew of the hereditary taint in her ancestry, but had hoped that Mary would escape it. For the first time real sadness entered into his life. Here they had labored cheerfully together for ten years and had anticipated a ripe old age to enjoy the fruits of their labor; but now John could plainly see that it all was but a vain dream. He prayed; it availed him nothing. The god in whom he had trusted and credited with every blessing, now seemed afar off. Now, if ever, he needed a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. It now occurred to him for the first time that he never knew of a prayer that was answered. It shook his faith. He had read of Lazarus' life being restored to him. Was not Mary's life as precious as that of Lazarus, the bachelor? She died.

The rural church house was filled to overflowing. The bell tolled dolefully the approach of the procession that brought what was left of Mary. In came the preacher, the pallbearers, the casket, followed by John and his two little motherless children. What change!

John had been to other funerals before. It was then to him a matter of course. He thought then that god in his infinite wisdom knew best. But now when it had been brought home to him, he viewed it differently. Mary had been a faithful, loving wife and had implicitly trusted him, while he in turn had been true to her. Now, why should they at this time be so ruthlessly separated?

The funeral sermon, instead of being a consolation, was an insult to both John and the memory of Mary. While the preacher tried to portray the wisdom of God, and held out the idea that whatever is, is best, doubts

crept into that honest breast of John. Was it best for Mary, who, with her last breath, begged to stay with John and her children? Was it best that his days should be saddened and darkened forever? Was it best that two little children should be deprived of a mother's tender care? Was it best for everybody that Mary should be removed from among her friends and her gentle influence be forever lost?

Heart-broken, he approached the casket to take the last look at her. As he bent over her lifeless form he called to her again and again, but she answered not. Those lips that had so readily answered every summons were now forever sealed in death. He stood there transfixed to the spot till kind friends led him away.

Then the grave, the cold and cruel grave! How the heavy clouds mocked his every sob! The little mound of earth soon hid Mary from view, and as John turned disconsolate away he felt that the best of earth was irretrievably lost.

John became a changed man. To him separation here was heart-rending, but what would this be, if there is a conscious future life, compared to eternity? The Christian religion grew loathsome to him. It was no consolation at death. It totally failed to soothe. It was too narrow. It taught that most families are broken through all eternity. It was too cruel for John. He resolved to investigate. He formed new associations. Men whom he had before shunned he now sought. He found their philosophy of life and death more reasonable and more comforting than he had himself heretofore entertained.

Spring returned. Flowers bloomed again. John took his little boy and girl and a basket of wreaths to that consecrated spot so dear to them. He lifted not his eyes heavenward, nor did he fall upon his knees before god, but reverently bowed his head in sacred remembrance of her who rested under that hallowed mound by which they stood, and thus he spoke: "Dear children, here rests your mother. We thought her the best and sweetest creature in all the world, and so she was to us, but as we look around we see the grass grows as green, the flowers bloom as richly, the sun shines as brightly upon other mothers' graves as upon this. This teaches us that nature pays her final tribute to all alike; that death is the great leveller and equalizer of mankind. The thought should comfort us that there is

(Continued on Page 13.)

Program at the Funeral of a Freethinker

Death of J. Chappelle Clark in Ohio.
Sister Conducts Funeral. Program
Is Without Preacher or Hymns.

(By Helen M. Lucas.)

The Blade has been advised of the death of J. Chappelle Clark, who was one of the best known educators in Ohio and a Freethinker. He was a brother to Mrs. Helen M. Lucas, of Marietta, Ohio, and at his request, knowing the journey's end was near, Mrs. Lucas conducted his funeral and prepared the program for the occasion. No preacher took part in those obsequies and no hymns were sung.

Owing to the forethought of Mrs. Lucas we have been favored with a copy of the address read at the funeral service and the program as she has arranged. In her comment up on the subject Mrs. Lucas suggests that it be printed as a means of instruction to other Freethinkers that they may do likewise and, as Mrs. Lucas states, "have secular funerals without preachers or hymns."

As the program has been printed in leaflet form it is reproduced in full, below, with copy of the address:

First, there was instrumental music; the Intermezzo from the opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*, by Mascagni, and *Traumerel*, by Schumann. The musicians were Professor Schmiedeke, first violin; Mr. Clarence Schneider, second violin; Mr. John Lehnhard, viola; Mr. Fred Wehrs, violoncello.

Then came the short biographical sketch which is given below. It was read by the Professor of Elocution of Marietta College.

Last, a song was sung by Miss Muriel Palmer; the words Longfellow's "The Day is Done," music by Balfe.

All of the music at the funeral was very beautiful.

J. Chappelle Clarke passed his early life on a farm and at the district school. He attended Mr. Bates's school in Marietta, then the Western Liberal Institute, and afterward a theological school at Meadville, Pennsylvania, teaching, meanwhile, to earn the necessary funds to pay expenses. Besides teaching in Ohio, he had a very interesting time teaching in Kentucky. He was at the funeral of Henry Clay and stopped near Lexington, where he taught and preached. He always afterward kept a lively interest in the beautiful

Blue Grass region and its generous and hospitable people.

He and his wife taught school together for some time after they went West to live. Then he was County Superintendent of Schools for a great many years. He taught mathematics in Simpson College for a short time,—perhaps only about two years. He liked it there and often spoke in the highest terms of President Burns. After he left that for more active business, he never lost his interest in education everywhere and gave so much attention to educational matters that he is still called Professor Clarke in his western home. He received a degree from Iowa University, and was admitted to the bar at about the same time.

After he and the lady of his choice had walked, visited, studied and gone to school together,—always together—under the approving eyes of all their friends and acquaintances for seven years, these staid and serious-minded students ran away to be married. A friend of theirs, the Rev. T. C. Eaton, was going away and wished to marry them before he left. The lady's term of school was to end in about two weeks and she wished the marriage to be kept secret for that time. So they met Mr. Eaton at Dr. Reigler's, Fort Street, near the mouth of the Muskingum. Mrs. Reigler, determined to have more of a wedding than the principals had planned, rushed some wedding cake and had it baked on time.

Mr. Clarke was always very courageous through all his life. To try him, when he was not quite two years old, his mother sent him one dark night with some newspapers to his uncle Miller Clarke's. Both houses stood some distance back from the road with trees around them, but he went without any hesitation, delivered the papers and came back as if there was nothing unusual about it. Later he showed his courage by working for unpopular reforms involving liberty and justice, which he loved, and wished for all others as well as for himself.

His respect and affection for his parents were unusual in degree, and he was always proud of them, honoring them by being a credit to them all his life.

He was always fond of children. His interest in them, however, never led him to spoil them; indeed, the greater his interest the more pains he took to correct their faults and break up any disagreeable

habits into which they may have fallen. Lately he talked of a little sister, who died sixty-five years ago, with loving words and tender tears.

His best effort for a better education were exerted for people of all ages and nearly every class. He never considered his own education complete, but took a good deal of time for philosophical studies in which he believed in digging deep, not being a scollist in any thing. He liked to read German poetry in the original and made a metrical English translation of one of his favorites. He entertained himself with classic and general literature more than business men generally do. His taste for such things may be shown by a few extracts from some of his favorite authors:

"What can guide us? One thing, and only one,—Philosophy, and that consists in keeping the divinity within us free from harm,—superior to pain or pleasure; doing nothing aimlessly or falsely; needing not that others should do this, or leave that undone accepting everything that happens as coming from that source whence we came ourselves; and finally waiting calmly for death as nothing but a change from the first principles of life."—Marcus Aurelius.

"He is king who fears nothing and longs for nothing. Everyone can give himself the kingdom of noble thoughts."—Seneca.

"In the upper air there is neither cloud nor storm, and so in the lofty soul there is always peace."—Seneca.

"Nothing is so honorable as a noble soul; but that soul is not great which can be shaken by either fear or grief."

And three short ones from Epictetus:—
"Only the educated are free."

"Mind, knowledge, right reason,—Here seek the essence of goodness."

"What you would not suffer yourself take care not to impose on others; and as you would escape slavery do not treat others like slaves."

But this is too wide a field and we must turn aside. Something of his character may be known from a poem, which he repeated when lying down to rest after paralysis had made it impossible for him to rise without being helped:—

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

"Out of the night which covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul!

In the fell clutch of Circumstance
I have not winced, nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of Chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed!

Beyond this vale of wrath and tears
(Continued on Page 13.)

Current Comment on Public Events

WHERE BLISS DOTH REIGN.

New Jersey justice, like New Jersey law, is a variable and unknown quantity. It is also exceedingly elastic. Its rubber-like qualities affords ample opportunities for stretching and it can be readily applied to the creation of fake corporations as to afford abundant protection for crime. The water in the stocks of its innumerable corporate progeny furnishes admirable and numerous breeding grounds for the traditional mosquito and this may account, to some extent, for its reputation in that respect.

Under the benign provisions of Jersey justice the bigamist can find ample protection from prosecution, provided he knows how to go about the business. Aspiring masculinity with love and affection sufficient to satisfy two females, or more, may ignore the divorce court, steer clear of Utah and simply acquire residence in New Jersey. Of course there is an element of finance in the scheme and a proper and adequate support must be figured on. Granted the above conditions the anti-monogomist may enter upon the business at wholesale, provided he lawfully marries one woman at a time and can succeed in dodging the constable for a period of two years after each ceremony. Husbands now chafing under marital restraints can find relief under the Jersey statute unless some fool legislature knocks the linch-pin out by repealing the law before he can get there.

Under a decision just given by an accommodating justice sitting at Trenton the discovery has been made that a bigamist is protected from prosecution under the statute of limitations. This decision ought to help the ferry business and, incidentally, the railroads. Here are unrestricted opportunities. A man may take unto himself as many wives as he can find provided he gives each wife a chance to get used to her number before he begins to break the next one in. To carry this out to a logical conclusion the Jersey law might go further and proclaim an order of succession as to age, weight and particular type of beauty. Had Joseph Smith known of the existence of this law Utah might not be on the map today. Thousands of lives have been ruined under Jersey law. Homes wrecked, hearts broken, despairing men and women sent to premature graves through the heartless swindles perpetuated under forms of Jersey law by the fake corporations that

have been given birth in that fruitful soil. In the case under discussion it was made to appear that one, Harry Buckalew, of Trenton, had successfully deceived two women, became a bigamist, and yet could not be prosecuted because the statute of limitations barred such a prosecution unless began within two years from the date of the offense. The only consolation now offered to the women is a liberal dose of sympathy for each other.

GET BUSY, GOVERNOR.

Governor Hughes of New York is one of those fortunate gentlemen who are peculiarly made the favorites of chance. Aside from his prosecution of the insurance companies brought on by the exposures of Frenzied Finance, the records show but little to his credit, and, yet, it made him Governor of the great Empire State. Had McKinley lived Roosevelt would never have graced the presidential chair. Had not Goebel been killed Beckham might never have been Governor of Kentucky. But for a prize fight Culberson, of Texas, might not be in the United States Senate, and but for Frenzied Finance Hughes would still have been an attorney and counsellor at law. And yet, there are times when these political accidents cover themselves with glory. Roosevelt has demonstrated that he is not to be dictated to or controlled by party sentiment; Culberson has mounted high enough to receive favorable mention as a vice-presidential possibility; Beckham very happily brought Kentucky out of political chaos into an era of peace and prosperity, and Governor Hughes is advocating a greater interest in the work of improving the breed of men instead of wasting so much time in trying to improve the breed of horses.

True, the fight Hughes is now making is to kill off the gambling microbe in New York through the medium of race track speculation but it was a pregnant truth to which he gave utterance. Time, money and labor have been used and spent in the propagation of a superior breed of animals, but little thought has been given to the breeding of real men and women. Although it is late in the day for Governor Hughes to make such an imposing discovery he is in a position to know that many men of his personal acquaintance is in need of present and immediate reformation but it cannot be done by special legislation. To carry out the idea he so sentimentally sug-

gests the work must begin on the boy. The potentialities of the man lie hidden in the boy. It is the boy who must make the man. Furnish the boy with better opportunities for development, mental and material, and he will make a more desirable man. As the boy is the man will likely be. Good men do not come from half-starved, ill-clad, partially educated boys. Much depends upon the character and quality of the mental and material food furnished the boy. An over-abundance of the wrong sort is worse than an insufficiency of the best. If Governor Hughes is in earnest let him show it by such recommendations to the General Assembly for the enactment of more wholesome laws concerning education and for a more equitable distribution of the nation's wealth. Let that education be free from the taint of orthodox superstitions and myths and so provide an industrial system whereby the wealth produced will not forever concentrate in the hands of a few to the positive injury and suffering of the many. Existing educational and industrial schemes leads to the widest divergence in human affairs. Extreme poverty and extreme wealth are not good combinations. Danger lurks ever behind. Where these inequalities exist side by side and are constantly brought into contact we have poverty cursing wealth and wealth mocking at poverty. There is ample room for Governor Hughes to begin experimenting and there is no time to lose if he wishes to enjoy the fruits of his labors.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Pious folks claim that while man may propose, god will dispose, but there is a case in point where one would be completely justified in assuming that the above rule worked backwards. When a young girl, of alleged handsome form and face, with a beauty as fresh as the dew at dawn, can be brought to that extreme condition of mind wherein she can willingly consent to abandon the world and shut herself up for life within the cold and gloom-pervaded walls of a nunnery, it is generally supposed that god has so touched her heart and filled her with such a wonderful degree of penitent devotion that her piety has gone the limit of human capabilities. When that stage has been reached it is "thy will, not mine," and we may reasonably guess that no woman, young or old, ever willingly took the vows of a nun unless she believed it was the will of god that she should do so.

Such appears to be the case with Katherine Gegenbach, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a wealthy New York diamond merchant. As a matter of fact, Katherine had already named the day upon which she was to don the white robes of the novitiate. The eve of that day had fallen upon the busy world and yet, almost at the very

threshold of the convent, Katherine backed out, changed her mind, swiped about \$1,000 of her daddy's choice stock, forged his name to checks for a good round sum of money which she succeeded in cashing, and to cap the climax of pietistical absurdity, she eloped to other parts with a married man. Those who love life and liberty will cast no reproach upon the girl for preferring to live her life outside the convent walls instead of on the inside, but they would, had they been permitted, advised her to have gone about it in a far different way. Her change of heart might have been announced and the world would not have questioned her concerning it. But there was no necessity for the theft. As for her male companion, had she desired one, there are a thousand love-lorn swains in Gotham who would have jumped at both the girl and the cash.

The principal point at issue, however, is what was intended for the girl and what she did. It was a complete revolution. She had been trained in extreme piety. Her parents rather seemed to cherish the idea that their daughter was to become a nun. They were willing to have her pass away her life behind cloistered walls in pious uselessness instead of seeing her the mother of a number of lusty youngsters to exhibit their patriotic devotion to Uncle Sam by exploding a bunch of fire-crackers every Fourth of July. Such a future holds more of promise than being a nun, and Katherine is to be congratulated upon upsetting the will of god, even if we must condemn her chosen method in doing it.

ROME GETS THE MARBLE HEART.

The church, and especially the Christian church, has ever been playing a desperate game, and always for high stakes. Of all her present representatives, the Pope of Rome is a past master in the art. But a few days since he threw out a well-baited hook calculated to land Gladys Vanderbilt and her Hungarian toy, and now the business eye of the Vatican is focused upon the Prince of Monaco. As princes go, the young fellow stacks up about as well as the best of them, for while he is merely a member of royalty by French consent, he is none the less a student and devotes a considerable portion of his time to scientific pursuits. He is not overblessed with wealth or worldly goods, but is able to keep up the dance so long as his few faithful subjects consent to keep paying the fiddler. He can command a moderately fair revenue, and is able to travel in style when the occasion warrants it. His royal Nibs is now on a visit to Victor Emanuel, king of Italy, and is having a gay time in the Eternal City. The royal program was mapped out at the expense of the Italian people, but there is trouble in the air. The program does not include a visit to the Vatican, and

if carried out on schedule time the Monacan monarch will quit Rome without even requesting an audience of the Vicar of Christ. In other words, it is aimed that the prince shall give the Pope the marble heart, and Pius X. now threatens to send a note of protest to the Powers on the ground that some time ago the Vatican issued a mandate that no Catholic ruler should visit the city of Rome without calling upon him.

And suppose Monaco declines to pay the Pope a visit, and further suppose the Pope enters a protest, what will it amount to? Is there any power on earth or in the heavens above claiming the right to enforce a compliance with any mandate emanating from the Vatican? Can they compel any monarch to kneel at the Pope's feet and kiss his big toe in humble subjection to a consecrated mummy? Fools there have been, fools there are, and fools there will be, who will regard it as a blessed privilege to do these things, but it must be a matter of individual taste and not a question to be settled by The Hague tribunal or a display of war vessels. It would appear that the best thing the Pope can do is to gracefully submit and abstain from registering any kick, or other Catholic rulers may be tempted to follow Monaco's example. The Pope protested when President Loubet, of France, visited Rome and refused to call upon him, and we all know what France has done for the Pope. In spite of papal threats and papal protests, in spite of papal argument and papal persuasions, the ruler of Monaco insists upon having his own way, as did Loubet, and there will be no audience with the Pope and no leaving of tribute in his hands.

There is an element of importance behind this. Beneath the surface the Pope can see what the world may not. Because of the turbulent state of affairs surrounding the Vatican, the Pope had contemplated a harbor of refuge, in case of necessity, with the Prince of Monaco, and it had even been reported that the Prince would have placed his yacht at the Pope's disposal. Under the circumstances would it not be the part of wisdom for his Popeship to gratefully accept just what may be tendered voluntarily instead of seeking to compel a mere lip service which does not come from the heart?

NO PAY; NO PREACH.

It is cheerfully admitted that there are exceptions to every rule, and some people argue that it is the exception that proves the rule. As a rule, the men who have been authorized to peddle saving grace are worldly in the extreme, and constantly keep a weather eye on the business end of their contracts. It is also a well known rule that when the supply of cash is cut off the means of grace subside. There are innumerable preachers who would refuse to make such

an admission, but there is no such pretense about Rev. Gilbert A. Ottman, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal parish at Lincoln, Neb. He is frank and explicit about such matters, although filled to the muzzle with fear of the Lord. His congregation had failed to come up with his salary, and when they had got about \$1,500 in arrears he decided to quit the job rather than allow the indebtedness to increase, and now the Episcopalians are in the middle of a bad fix, being minus the means of communion, none to administer it, just because they refuse to shell out. Inasmuch as the congregation fell shy on cash the rector has gone shy on his preaching, and jumped the game. With such an announcement it would appear a difficult matter for that congregation to secure a successor, for the facts being known, few preachers will care to take the chance. Their call may go unheeded, and it serves them right. The laborer is always worthy of his hire, and Ottman ought to have had his pay according to previous contract. And yet the fault may be with Ottman. Episcopal preachers are not noted for brilliancy, and it is probable that he failed to touch his congregation in the right spot, and not caring to dismiss him on the ground of undesirability they declined to pay, preferring him to take the course he has. In any event, the incident proves the truth of what Freethinkers so often proclaim, namely, that shortage in cash creates a shortage in preaching proclivities and saving grace shrinks to abnormally low conditions. There may be many others riding in the same kind of a boat, but Rev. Ottman is the first for a long time to be frank enough to give his reasons for jumping his job.

It is perfectly clear that Tennyson was far from an orthodox Christian. Quite as certainly he was not a Bibliolator. He read the Bible, of course, and so did Shelley. There are fine things in it, amidst its falsehoods and barbarities; and the English version is a monument of our literature. We regard as apocryphal, however, the story of Tennyson's telling a boy, "Read the Bible and Shakespeare; the one will teach you how to speak to god, and the other how to speak to your fellow-men." Anyhow, when the poet came to die, he did not ask for the Bible and he did ask for Shakespeare. The copy he habitually used was handed to him; he opened it at Cymbeline, one of the most pagan of Shakespeare's plays; he read a little, and then held the book until death came with the fall of "tired eyelids upon tired eyes."—G. W. Foote, "Flowers of Free-thought."

The men and women that are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticize.

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RELIGIOUS EPIDEMICS.

Medical science has successfully demonstrated that the most virulent diseases are epidemic.

Experience has proven, also successfully, that religious mania becomes epidemic. Even crime is subject to the same physical law for it is admitted by criminologists that crime has its fashions, its periods of vogue, to give way to other forms. None will dispute that fashion is epidemic. This is proven every day. Once let the arbiters of fashion set a mark and every goose wants to get into the pond.

It is with religious epidemics we wish to deal here. Orthodox mania is liable to break out at any time and in unexpected forms. No sooner has one sect opened up a particular line of attraction than all other sects fall to and accept the routine, so that for the time being it becomes epidemic. It is a safe presumption that if one church should resort to the use of slot machines as a means of clutching the elusive nickels, every other church in the community would consider the system holy in the sight of the lord and

the slot machines would find a place in the church near the pulpit.

The crusades was a religious epidemic. So was the Inquisition. The tyranny of the priesthood ran its full course. Witch burning and heresy hunting were also epidemic. The Sunday laws have been made epidemic and every state has been called upon to enact laws prohibiting the disturbance of religious worship. As a rule these epidemics go to extremes and the disease runs itself into the ground. Abnormal conditions arise and society suffers in the reaction that must follow.

Chief among the more disgusting and revolting manifestations of these recurrent outbreaks of religious mania is that known as the revival epidemic. Like small-pox it seems to thrive best in the winter season. One church starts a revival and every other church trails in the wake of the orthodox band wagon. Church leaders are bound to be cognizant of the fact that every alleged conversion is an abnormal, unnatural, and in many respects may be said to resemble an outburst of insanity. Theology is a fitting subject for the successful production of this form of lunacy. The revivalist acquires his reputation through the number of spasmodic outbursts he is capable of creating, coupled with his ability to cast a spell over the minds of the unthinking and persuade them into doing something which in a lucid moment, they would not have done. The revivalists claim to see a miracle in such conversions. Here is an admission of a double abnormality, the one arising from the belief in the miracle, and the alleged miracle itself. Miracles are contrary to natural law. No miracle was ever wrought by natural law, for that which happens in the ordinary course of things in both normal and natural. If a conversion is miraculous it must be unnatural and abnormal, hence, a disease, and multiplied conversions make that disease epidemic.

Even a belief in god is abnormal. It is not a natural production but a human invention. Disease will more successfully assail the weaker human structure, and the god idea finds lodgment only in the weaker intelligence. Ignorance of natural law and inability to understand its manifestations, were the primal causes of the god idea becoming epidemic. Just as disease plays serious havoc with the physical frame so does epidemical religion impair the mentality of the individual. The excitement produces a high nervous tension, and in many instances the reaction has brought an utter mental prostration with physical

collapse. No better evidence is needed of the evil effects of such religious demonstrations. Under such influences, urged by a delusive enthusiasm, abnormal demonstrations are made and fanaticism professes to see in these the greater power and glory of god. From such a mental delusion many have never recovered and scores are now confined in asylums for the insane who can directly trace the cause of their affliction and malady to a spasmodic outburst at some church revival.

These evidences can be multiplied, but enough has been given to show the abnormality of these religious paroxysms, and when several persons are involved, as is the case at a majority of these so-called revivals, the disease becomes epidemic and only drastic measures can bring those afflicted to their senses.

Always measure well up to your ideals.

ASK NO MAN'S CONSENT.

Just as the great orb of day begins to sink behind the western hills, and before the twilight comes, the chickens return to their roost. No matter how far they may have travelled from their domicile during the day they will come in straggling bunches getting together for the night's rest.

Have you not experienced this? Then you know that it is so!

Now that the sun of orthodoxy is beginning its downward course and the dawn of truth's great era appears, one by one, those who have taught error and grievously opposed truth, are coming to the light and joining hands with the great army of workers in liberty's fields that admit the grievous wrong they have done and announce themselves truth's champion.

From the little city of Bayonne, New York, comes the report that Rev. William H. Babcock, of the First Reformed church, awoke the people from their orthodox slumbers by declaring from his pulpit that he had made a complete rejection of all the principal teachings of theology concerning the material universe and had, as a matter of personal conscience and knowledge, accepted the undisputable truth of science.

The press reports may be somewhat exaggerated in that they place the preachers in the attitude of begging permission of his congregation to tell what he really believes and asks their consent for him to preach the truth instead of error as he has been doing in the past. This sounds rather peculiar.

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

We cannot conceive of any man having courage enough to state from his pulpit that the Christian myth was wrong, asking for permission of any other man that he might be allowed to tell the truth. If the Reverend gentleman is satisfied, intellectually, concerning his positions, why not manifest courage sufficient to venture into the world and preach those truths without asking anybody's consent? If he has truth, and knowing it, his plain duty is to preach it irrespective of consequences to himself. The people are demanding truth. They are hungry for it. They are satiated with the stale platitudes of orthodoxy. Men with truth have no business standing within the stove-warmth of the churches. Their place is outside, in the keen, bracing air, where the champions of truth are ever to be found.

Freethinkers will be gratified to know that in his renunciation of the Christian form of faith he assailed both the Catholic and Protestant churches, and declared that he could no longer accept the biblical account of the creation, essentially a primary Christian teaching, because that account was in direct conflict with geology and biology and that his mind had been compelled to accept the latter, there being no alternative.

Could we properly analyze the minds of half the preachers in America today, of any or all denominations, it is extremely probable that similar doubts concerning biblical chronology and creation would be found. If this is true then all such preachers are dishonest with their congregations, dishonest with themselves, and untrue to their trust. Under such circumstances and conditions they are knowingly teaching what they do not believe themselves. What is this but a breach of trust? It may be a mental trust, but the breach is just as great as if it were a physical trust. One by one, however, the preachers, are facing the dawn. On this point let us quote from Mr. Babcock. He says,—

"Why, have you any idea of the number of ministers who long for an opportunity to speak out and overstep the barriers that have been placed about them. For twenty years I have thought and studied the Bible and I have wanted persistently to get away from the system. By that I mean the doctrinal and ecclesiastical system, the mode of thought and method of action of the church. It is unadapted to the modern mind and to modern needs.

"My desire has been to break away from the system and preach the truth

as I see it. But every time I have found myself hemmed in?"

From this it would appear that the breaking of his chains is no mere whim or fancy, but the result of patient study and investigation. More than that, as he declares, it has resulted from a persistent study of the Bible, and this corroborates the utterance of a Blade correspondent, who states that reading the Bible made him an atheist. Like Mr. Babcock others have longed for an opportunity to "speak out" and to "overstep the barriers" but now that he has done so let him assert the independence due to his manhood and break away from all mental restraints by resolving to tell the truth and to ask no man's consent thereto.

Reader! Reflect upon what Babcock says. The most important part of his statement is that where he says,—

"The doctrinal and ecclesiastical system, the mode of thought and method of action of the church, are unadapted to the modern mind and modern needs."

It is impossible to present a stronger argument against the church and in favor of Freethought. It presents the sum of human intelligence. It is based on fact. The modern mind has outgrown the doctrinal and ecclesiastical systems. Modern needs demand a complete reaction. They demand the abolition of theological systems, or their removal from the sphere of active life to a position where they are incapable of harm. They have combined to retard humanity, to check progress and warp human knowledge. They have been a black cloud obscuring the light. Remove the cloud and the light will pour its beneficent beams upon men in all its strength.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

Ask any number of persons the question suggested by the caption hereof and you will soon discover that it is an unsolved riddle, an unanswerable conundrum.

Ask the preachers of the different Christian sects what it takes to be a Christian and you are confronted with precisely similar conditions for no two, being of different sectarian tendencies and beliefs, can possibly give the same or even a similar answer.

Only a few years ago the people were taught that the first essential was an implicit and unreasoning faith in the existence of a tribal deity of an ignorant and barbarous nation, for be it known that some of the different tribes of Israel worshipped other deities than Jehovah and so we have it that the

god of the bible, the god whom Christians profess to worship today, was the god of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob. And why was description necessary? That the succeeding generations of that particular tribe should not depart therefrom and undertake to worship such deities as Baal, Ashtoreth and Moloch. And was it not this same tribal deity who is attributed with ordering the butchery of 23,000 Jews, for the senseless act of dancing about a golden calf; who started the Ethiopian race because old Noah got drunk and under the soporific influence of the nectar made an exhibition of himself; and who delighted in the terpsichorean act of David before the ark of the covenant, minus clothing. Stripped of all its credal trimmings this is Christianity, and according to the teachings of the elect, an implicit belief in such things must be confessed or the baptism in the blood of the lamb will be unavailing.

What is Christianity?

Who knows?

It would be folly to attempt an answer, to offer an explanation, for no answer could satisfy, no explanation explain.

At best it is all a matter of speculation and these are as various and conflicting as there are nations and individuals. There are hundreds of Polydemonistic religions among savage peoples that can claim a close kinship with that passing under the guise of Christianity. There are numberless polytheistic religions, including those that worship a man-like being called god, and all, combined have produced a bewildering complexity of religious cults from which no clear conception can be drawn. In their statistical ratio it is claimed there are six hundred million Buddhists, about four hundred millions of so-called Christians, two hundred millions of Mohammedans and nearly as many Brahmanists. While the cults that are distinguished from that of the Christian brand are, as a rule, almost a unit in their beliefs, the Christians are split into warring sects, creating divisions and subdivisions between which there is scarcely one fact of solitary agreement. These Christian sects are constantly increasing and the divergence grows wider every day. In the face of such a condition is there one in the wide, wide world who can satisfactorily answer the question?

What is Christianity?

We must read in the answer in the stars?

Progress comes from work, not by words or promises.

CHURCH STATISTICS FOR 1907.

The proud boast of Christendom has been its numbers.

Pointing to the number of accredited, or claimed, Christians in the world, from whatever source acquired during the period of the past two thousand years, its preachers and teachers assert that it is the salt of the earth, the one great pillar upon which rests the dynamics of human society, and that ere long, the universe will be embraced within its folds.

Known figures belie such a claim.

Facts are not in accord with the Christian boast.

The argument is strengthened on the ground that the very figures presented are of Christian origin, given publication by their own hands under the belief that they furnish a valuable argument for its side of the case, whereas, an examination will reveal the reverse.

Religious statistics covering the work of the several churches, all orthodox, for the year 1907 show the following:—

Ministers 161,731; churches 210,199; communicants 32,983,156.

Similar statistics given for the preceding year, or for 1906, show the following:—

Ministers 159,430; churches 205,985; communicants 32,355,610.

The gains made in 1906 covering the three items were,—

Ministers 4,201; churches 1,901; communicants 931,740.

Taking the above figures and subtracting from the totals given it will be shown that the gains reported for 1907 were as follows:—

Ministers 2,301; churches 4,214; communicants 627,546.

On the ground that these are Christian statistics furnished by the Christian to bolster up the Christian faith, they may be taken just for what they are worth and they show a rather unfortunate position for the orthodox institutions of America. They show that while the number of church buildings increased during 1907 to the extent of 2,313 over the year 1906, yet the number of ministers acquired by the church and the number of communicants decreased to an enormous extent. The figures betray the fact that men are not breaking their necks to preach the gospel and that the people are not over anxious to hear it preached. And this, too, in spite of the enormous increase in the population both from emigration and other causes. In other words the church is failing to keep pace with the natural increase in population and while our country is rapidly filling up with men and women

of all classes and conditions they are not rushing pell-mell into the churches.

Recurring to the figures quoted it will be seen that the churches, as a whole fell short 1,900 ministers of all denominations during 1907 as compared with 1906 and we further find the startling admission that in the number of communicants the church fell short to the enormous extent of 304,194 in 1907 as compared with the preceding year. In two of its most important items the church has showed a remarkable decline although the population has been constantly increasing at an enormous rate.

Although the statistics are taken from the data furnished by Dr. H. K. Carroll, they are essentially Christian and are based upon the reports submitted by the several denominations. It must be explained, however, that in the grand total given there are included, Chinese Buddhists, Japanese Buddhists and Shintoists, Communistic societies, Jews. The Societies for Ethical Culture, Spiritualists, and the Theosophical Society, all of which are decidedly anti-Christian, and if the Unitarians be drawn from the Christian tables, in that Unitarianism is denounced by the more orthodox bodies and their ministers refused recognition in Ministerial Associations on grounds of alleged infidelity to the true faith, the total number of Christians, as claimed, must be reduced, according to their own figures, to the extent of 372,033.

Could the number of communicants be analyzed it would be shown that thousands included therein are not communicants, that while they may attend for social or business reasons, they are not orthodox, and excluding children and baptized infants from the lists, the actual number of Christians must be reduced full fifty per cent from the totals claimed and this leaves the church in a pitiful plight, indeed.

In any event, but one-third of the population is actually claimed for church membership by their own reports. A true report would show about one-sixth. Then how is it possible that such a minority can control the majority in matters affecting social and domestic life through the medium of special legislation, such as Sunday laws, the exemption of church property from taxation and the reading of religious literature in the public schools? The answer is plain. That minority is well organized. It is a compact body. A close corporation. They are disciplined and trained. On the other hand the liberal majority are scattered, divided, unorganized and without means of concerted action. Or-

ganized error is thus enabled to triumph over unorganized truth.

By dividing the total number of Christians given as between the Catholic and Protestants, we find that the Catholics claim a total of 13,890,353, leaving the combined Protestants, including the liberal bodies to which allusion has been made, with 19,092,803.

The results here stated, and the suggestions offered, ought to furnish the Freethinkers with a stimulus for greater work, for greater exertions and by the diffusion of sound argument and reason among the people through the medium of Freethought publications and Freethought lectures, induce a further decrease in church membership during the current year and for all the years to come.

We must not blind ourselves, however, by fondly imagining these decreases will come without effort on our part. With nearly 33,000,000, as claimed, the church can boast a powerful, well organized, for militant effort in fastening their dread superstition on the people. Unity of purpose, by such an army, even in the spread of error, may achieve greater victories than the unorganized army of truth.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.

Another controversy arises over the possibility of the habitation of the planet Mars with sentient beings and two of the most eminent geologists of the age are drawn into the intellectual arena. Professor Charles Lowell contends that the existence of clearly defined canals on the surface of the earth's neighbor indicates a reasoning, cooperative effort on the part of the Martian inhabitants to protect their planet against possible dessication by elementary forces, while Alfred Russell Wallace insists that the great lines perceived upon Mars, commonly said to be canals, are in reality but mere fissures, or surface cracks, and he argues that the temperature of Mars is prohibitive of any animal life such as is known to the earth.

Both of these distinguished scientists may be right, or either of them, but which is the correct theory the Blade cannot presume to know in the absence of the knowledge necessary to justify such a ruling, but in spite of our ignorance we are permitted to exercise the powers of reason and by inference assume that which may exist within the bounds, or range, of natural possibility.

One important question that has attracted considerable attention from men of scientific thought, especially

the students of astronomy, is whether, or not, there are other habitable planets, or planets upon which either vegetable or animal life exist in any way similar, or approaching thereto, as to manifestations of life existing upon the earth. It has long been within the domain of human knowledge that the earth was once a so-called dead planet. This is construed to mean that there was a time in its existence when no form of life, animal or vegetable, existed upon its surface. Today we see abundant life everywhere. Changes in mineral conditions conducted, first, to the appearance of vegetable life, and in the process of development the animal, second, appeared. All are interdependent. The base, or groundwork, being the mineral formations, its peculiar combination and rearrangement, aided by a sufficient moisture coupled with heat and insect life began to appear. These were small and insignificant at first but by slow degrees in the process of evolution man came in his present majesty.

Now the issue arises that if the earth has passed through the stages above described, would not like conditions produce like results in other planets? Compared with the immensity of the universe the earth is but a small and unimportant part. As a matter of fact the earth could be dissolved, with all that it contains, and the economy of the whole would suffer but small material change. Admitting that the myriads of stars we see at night are but parts of other gigantic systems of solar and astral importance, held in a fixed place therein by the same gravital force that controls the movements of the earth, are we justified in assuming that of all the planets and systems that combine to make up the whole the earth is the only one that is habited or habitable and that we are the all in all of animal production that is? Surely not. The presumption is against us. Somewhere in space, beyond the vision of men or instruments, or of men by the aid of instruments, there rolls planets innumerable, unheard of, undreamed of. Those that are or may be brought within the range of our vision constitute such an infinitesimally small part of the stupendous whole that we stand aghast at such immensity. We are totally unable to comprehend it. We cannot conceive it, even, much less describe it. Under such a condition of affairs it is only reasonable for us to assume that there are other worlds than ours, other people in the universe than ourselves, their character, condition and con-

formation being dependent upon environment.

According to the more recent theories concerning Mars, the habitation of that ruddy planet has been assumed upon the theory that it has an atmosphere very similar to our own, suggestive of moisture, while being a recipient of the sun's bounteous store of heat and energy, the probabilities are that sentient life does exist upon its surface. The clear, straight lines that have been detected across the disk of the planet has led to the conclusion that these were canals, which, if true, suggests the existence of an intelligent, sentient life, such as may be demonstrated through human life as we know it, and it is upon such conclusions that the students of astronomy have felt justified in suggesting that Mars is inhabited by a race something akin to our own.

Of course, the premises may be wrong, and in such an event, the conclusions must also be wrong no matter how perfect the reasoning may be. If the broad, straight lines on the disk of the planet are not canals, but mere faults' cracks, or fissures of geological formation, then it does not necessarily follow that Mars is inhabited and would lead to an opposite conclusion. It would appear, then, that the first essential is to determine what those lines are, their cause, etc., and this done science will be in a fair shape to judge upon the main issue.

This discussion and discussion between scientists furnishes one of the strongest evidences of its great wisdom, its accuracy of regarding facts in demonstration, and its method of reasoning by deduction. Science does not dogmatically declare that Mars is inhabited or that it is not. Science is just groping her way into the neighboring planets of our solar system. Science has developed a startling array of data concerning them and these have been sufficient to upset all the theologies of the past and at the same time weaken the theologies of the present. In the course of time much of what is now unknown will be brought into the realms of the known and future generations will enjoy a wider knowledge upon the subject of habitable planets than we can possibly enjoy today.

In spite of this disagreement, this doubt and controversy, science is rapidly dissipating the mists and fogs of orthodox superstition and in this the domain of man has superseded the domain of god and his priests.

Why is it that a preacher gets dis-

honest the moment he enters business? Is it because of the knowledge that he has successfully practiced fraud so long in the pulpit? Pathologists may be able to find an answer to these questions, not readily appearing. Word comes from Morehead, Ky., that the bank of that city has closed its doors and is unable to satisfy the demands of depositors. In other words the officers of the bank have used the money of the depositors and are now unable to make good. The depositors have given the officers until March 1 to make a settlement, and in the event of failure to do so, prosecutions are to be instituted. But, listen, mark it well, there is one, F. O. Button, vice-president of the bank, who is a pastor in the Campbellite church and principal of the Morehead Normal School.

Kansas City seems to be in the throes of a religious campaign in which a mistaken zeal is made painfully apparent. Hundreds of indictments are being reported against all classes of business men and laborers accusing them of violating the Sunday laws by indulging in honest labor, and in this effort to compel an unwilling recognition of Christian doctrine, the policemen's club is the only available argument. Was it not Jesus who is reported to have said something about living and perishing by the sword?

The Salvation Army report of the "suicide bureau" after its year's operation, shows that a number have been diverted from self-destruction but it is refreshing to note that clergymen and missionaries are placed at the head of the list of the callings represented by the applicants for sympathy and relief. Now what becomes of the old, stereotyped argument about infidelity inducing suicide?

These are the "waking up" days. You have had time to observe how the Blade has woken up to the exigencies of the hour, and we want that idea to become catching. In other words look after the subscription blanks we have sent you and return them as directed so that our list of reader's may keep swelling. No freethinker can entertain the slightest doubt concerning the value of the Blade to the cause we advocate and if you feel this way about it now is the time to set to and help.

After all this discussion between the Vatican and the Modernists the Pope is tickled over the fact that the Modernists are not so modern after all.

Prison Statistics

Objections to Giving Them to a Public Library on Account of Getting Shelves and Hidden from Public View.

(By E. Lewis.)

Permit me to say a few words in response to the letter Brother Snow had in the Blade some time since in regard to prison and asylum statistics. I wrote to him some time previous about it. I had studied the matter over pretty thoroughly for a long time before I settled on Brother Snow as the future custodian of my collection. I do not know Brother Snow's age, but from his vigor in argument he is in the prime of life, and if he behaves himself as well as I think he does, he may live to pass his seventy-seventh birthday as I did mine on the eighth day of January, 1908.

For near thirty years I have collected statistics and wrote them up, mostly to Dr. Monroe's Iron Clad Age, showing by comparing the per cent of Christians to Infidels in the prisons to the per cent of Christians to the whole of persons in the United States, showing the moral standing of the church as compared to the moral standing of the unbeliever. The reading public have no idea of the contrast, and especially are the Christian people utterly ignorant of the facts.

Church people imagine they are the moral salt of the earth, while the reverse is the fact, and very largely the fact.

Brother Snow thinks the statistics ought to go into some library. My experience tells me no. At different times for about thirty years I have been collecting and writing occasional letters to get facts before the liberal minded people to read. Brother Snow says that if he should be the future custodian of the statistics, he would probably be the only reader. That might be so, and yet that would be one reader more than they would have in a library after I am gone. I think I can make this statement without disfiguring the truth materially.

We all know that statistics are as dry as a hot cinder to ninety-nine out of every one hundred of even the adult population. Suppose I should brush the dust off of my statistics and take them to the Pasadena or Los Angeles public library, as a donation. If they were accepted they would be stuck upon a shelf and there they would stay. Not one of them would be called for in ten years, but ten thousand paper-backed novels would be handed out annually and read. That is the index to the intelligence of the people of this nation, and to the voters who choose

our law makers. Church people would not touch them for facts are poison to superstition. Every page of the New Testament is stained with the blood of the noblest minds of earth.

If these statistics fall into the hands of Brother Snow, it would be well, for I know he has a vivid way of placing the truth before the people in a very readable shape, and ten thousand Blade readers will benefit thereby and much good will result.

I have been talking these statistics here in Pasadena for more than twenty-one years, and have found one man only that had one report and that was not his fault. He had a brother who was chaplain in the Amarosa penitentiary in Iowa, and he sent to this brother a report, and he being a friend of mine gave me the report to read.

If any one can suggest a better disposition to be made of them I will willingly accept the conclusion. I have just been gathering my statistics together, and find that I have about five thousand seven hundred pages on hand. Some reports have disappeared, probably by loaning. I have the biennial report of the board of inspectors, warden, physician and chaplain, to the 43d General Assembly of the Missouri State penitentiary. There were confined in that prison, as per this report, 1,794 convicts, the religious beliefs of whom were: Baptist, 396; Roman Catholics, 312; Christian, 120; Dunkard, 5; Episcopal, 16; Hebrew, 6; Lutheran, 29; Methodist, 335; Mormons, none; Presbyterians, 48; Campbellite, none; Liberal, 5; no religious belief, 522; total, 1,749, making 1,267 Christians to 527 of no-religion; making more than 3½ Christians to one non-Christian, or unbeliever.

The United States census of 1890 gives Missouri 27-47-100 per cent of Christians to the population of the State, or out of a fraction of over one-fourth of the population of the State the churches furnish more than three and a half times as many convicts as we do out of nearly three-fourths of the population of the State. Where is the moral standing of the church?

Out of a fraction of over one-fourth of the population of the State, when makes up their church population, they furnish approximately one convict to each fifty-three of their membership, while out of the other nearly three-fourths of the population of the State, we (the bad element of the State of course) furnish approximately one convict to each 3,813 of the atheists, infidels, agnostics and all the other heretical scalawags. This is only an ordinary case. Some are

much worse. That is, for the church.

Now to the readers of the Blade as to how to get these statistics. Send to the warden of the penitentiary of your State for the reports. You are entitled to them as a citizen of the State. When you send to other States, send a ten-cent stamp to pay postage. That will bring them.

THERE IS NO GOD.

When All Nature Proclaims a Negation of Deity Why Should Men Hold Back and Hesitate to Assert Truth?

(By Henry C. Roberts.)

With your permission I would like to say a word to the criticism by B. G. Morrison of the advanced position taken in the interest of Rationalistic Truth by Eliza Mowry. Blivens.

Comrade Morrison insists that our fair secretary and propagandist in her heroic treatment of the question of the existence of God and future life is both immodest and dogmatic.

This is the stereotyped argument of the defenders of orthodoxy. Ask the "believer" how it is that his holy book of God is so filled with discrepancy, contradiction, and absurdity and he immediately accuses you of immodesty and a lack of veneration for the holy bible. Pursue the inquiry, how an all-wise, all-good and Almighty Creator, could not only be the instigator of deeds of murder, war, and

pillage among men, but himself, the arch criminal, in having laid waste, as represented, the fairest portions of his own handiwork, meting out death and destruction to the innocent mother, and helpless babe; and the believer rends his garment or his hair, and cries: "Blasphemy," and would invoke the strong arm of the criminal law to compel you to have a more wholesome respect for his feelings and the mandates and precepts of this ancient but sacred relic, and a higher regard for his fetish the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob.

Our critic approvingly quotes the agnostic attitude of the invincible Col. Ingersoll and advises following his lead in the matter. But let us see. What is the true position of the great Ingersoll on this agitated question? In the last public lecture he delivered he takes a most decided stand in defence of Scientific Truth. And among other things he distinctly says: "We know the paths that life has traveled. We know the footsteps of advance. They have been traced. The last link has been found. For this we are indebted more than to all others to the greatest of biologists, Ernest Haeckel. We now believe that the universe is nat-

ural and we deny the existence of The Supernatural."

Our critic continues: "Why say there is no God. What real meaning is there to this anyhow? God is simply the Good." God is the plague spot in the body of human, society, from which sprung hatred, strife, contention, malice, envy, bigotry and jealousy. God, or the belief in god, alone caused the fires of the inquisition to be lighted. God, or the belief in God, caused the bloodiest wars of history. It was at the supposed command of a supposed god, that the most diabolical crimes were committed against helpless and decrepit old women and the most horrible massacres were precipitated.

Haeckel in his Riddle of the Universe says: "Unbelieving Philosophers who have collected disproofs of the existence of God have overlooked one of the strongest arguments in that sense the fact the Roman 'Vicar of Christ' could for twelve centuries perpetrate with impunity the most shameful and horrible deeds in the name of God."

Why, forsooth, should we say there is no God? Why, when every fact of Nature proclaims the negation of God? Why when on every hand are the empirical disproofs that should satisfy the mind of a child? Why longer decri this open secret? What have we to gain?

Not until that hideous grinning ghost called God, that has descended to us as heritage from our primitive ancestors is courageously assailed and summarily disposed of can peace, love, joy and happiness, brood over a distracted world.

MATERIALISM IS BEYOND AGNOSTICISM.

Secretary of Materialist's Association
Makes Answer to the Recent Criticism by a Blade Writer.

(By Eliza Mowry Bliven).

One step and then another climbs the mountain heights; one hour and then another makes the day, centuries eternity; thus wisdom develops, step by step.

Ages ago, crude ignorant men imagined terrible Gods. Later priests declared "The Gods will care for you, if we pray (and you pay us for paying.) Great Ingersoll investigated the matter, and taught mankind that their Gods were fictions, and Christianity is a fraud. He left it there, without deciding how Nature is controlled.

Because the Great Agnostic said, "I don't know," every little Agnostic says we must all sit down right there, and never try to go another step.

Those honor the magnificent achievements of Pain and Ingersoll most, who take up the work where they left it, and

try to go ahead another step, solving the remaining mystery.

The most thorough investigation finds no proof of any God, no supernatural power over Nature, creating it and its laws, guiding it, or by miracles changing anything. Investigate our proofs, and know as we Materialists know it.—"There is no God; no future life."

Nature is not God; "the good" is not God; for the term God, in all ages and religions has always meant some supernatural power, believed-in and worshipped, through fear or hope of miraculous deals.

Nature and its laws are just; matter and its forces, fully capable of doing everything that is done, by its eternal unchangeable laws; but incapable of one iota of miracle-work in answer to prayers.

The proofs that there is no God nor future life, fearlessly maintained, is the strongest weapon to destroy all the foundations on which Christian churches and all other religions are built. The same proofs, the doings of nature and evolution, and human interdependence, will build the enduring foundations of co-operative morality and justice; not for one chosen people, but for all humanity.

MATERIALIST ASSOCIATION. APPLICATION BLANK.

I am a Materialist: there is no God nor future life. Count me a member of Materialist Association.

Name

Address

Sign and send to Eliza Mowry Bliven, Secretary, Box 76., Brooklyn, Conn.

PROGRAM AT FUNERAL OF A FREETHINKER.

(Continued from Page 5.)

Looms but the horror of the Shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid!

It matters not how strait the gate—
How charged with punishments the scroll,

I am the Master of my fate—
I am the Captain of my soul!"

These words swept over his soul, finding all chords in perfect tune.

The great poet said, The evil that men do lives after them; no evil can be charged to this just man; the good will live in his works, and its memory will live in the hearts of his friends.

He was seventy-five years old. There are compensations for the aged man who keeps up his taste for study, and takes

time from business cares to allow his mind to broaden with all the added years. Then, too, a sunny youth shines through the mists of the past, and the sunset of life memories in rainbow colors high in space before his eyes.

Then when life wears away . . . finds rest in that serene silence which awaits us all.

WHY JOHN'S FAITH WAS CHANGED.

(Continued from Page 4.)

nothing different awaiting her than awaits others; that the fate of her is the fate of all. Sooner or later we all will join her. We are in the hands of nature, and if it is nature's decree to sleep on forever we will all sleep that deep sleep; if she provides a future existence for one she will for all. She is not partial. We are all her children, and she will care for all alike.

Dear mother, good-bye. We love you more and more. 'To live in hearts you leave behind is not to die.' Again, good-bye."

Whether the children understood it all or not, they lingered awhile longer—and, oh, such tears—such sad sweet tears!

Then John took both tenderly by the hand and together they wended their way homeward—to that desolate home without a mother; to that home that changed his life; to that home that shook his faith.

RAILWAY MEN, ATTENTION!

If you need a Watch to meet the new requirements of the Railway Service, study well and compare prices of these (18 size) lever-set Watches: HAMPDEN, "Special Railway" 23 jewels, \$26; "NEW RAILWAY," 23 jewels, \$29; "CRESCENT STR." 21 jewels, \$22.50; same, 19 jewels, \$20; "845" new model, 21 jewels, \$16; ELGIN: "Veritas," 23 jewels, \$29; "Father Time, 21 jewels, \$22.50; "B. W. Raymond," 19 jewels, \$20; some, 17 jewels, \$18.50. All the above in 3 or 4 ounce Silverine Screw Case, prepaid, with guarantee that each watch is latest improved of grade specified, new and perfect, and will pass rigid railway inspection. In gold filled cases, guaranteed by manufacturers for 25 years, \$5 more. Have advertised in this paper since first issue.

DIAMONDS, PEARLS, OPALS, ETC.

I am an expert in this line and will save you 20 per cent if you will order of me. Engagement and wedding rings a specialty.

Send for price list of watches not listed above, Jewelry, Freethought Badges, Ingersoll Spoons, Rings, Silver and Plated Ware, Optical Goods, and my Tract, "Theism In The Crucible" free.

OTTO WETTSTEIN,
LaGrange, Cook County
Illinois.

The Blade's Correspondence

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. L. MOFFITT—Thanks for renewal. Extra copies of Paine issue sent as requested.

W. H. COX—Congratulations appreciated and we wish you success both for our sake and your own.

J. R. LAWRENCE—Thanks for renewal. Your letter of praise brings a decided encouragement.

BANNING GRAY—Your great interest in the Blade is appreciated and we wish there were more as energetic as you. We are fortunate in the possession of many good, staunch friends, but for the real help we can always turn to you in the hour of need.

ISAAC CONNOR—You have hit a great truth, in your letter and by living up to it we propose to still increase the Blade's usefulness. Thanks.

MRS. H. M. CLOSZ—The hearty welcome extended to you upon returning to the Blade columns is a sufficient indication how much your efforts are appreciated by our readers.

F. B. HALL—The trouble has been happily settled. Of course you could not anticipate that and as no harm was done everything is O. K.

THEOPHILUS PHILOSOPHIUS—We have printed a portion of your first letter because of the splendid suggestions it contains.

A. LUTTERMAN—When a man wants to be let out we have no choice but to submit, but when the idolators of the Christian myth have conspired to slander the name of Paine it is bad taste to find fault with the many Freethinkers who are working to rescue that name from the oblivion to which orthodoxy had consigned it.

W. C. DALY—As a "stand-patter" you are par excellence and your words of praise offer considerable good cheer.

LOUIS ROSER—Back copies of Blade have been sent as requested. Many thanks for your kind letter.

E. J. HOFFPAUIR—Thanks for your letter of commendation. In these times of governmental tyranny and conspiracy against liberty we must stand together.

ALBERT SIMMONS—Thanks for clippings. Sample copies sent as directed.

GROVER HANCOCK—We will send both books postpaid, as announced, for \$2.25 to any address in the U. S. or Canada.

SILAS ROCKWELL—Send us the suggested contribution. It will act as a tonic to many others.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sends in a List.

NEWTON, IOWA.—Enclosed please find draft for \$2.50 as per blank filled out. You might send me a few copies of the Paine number for distribution.—H. L. MOFFITT.

Promise of More Help.

MARIETTA, OHIO.—Please accept my thanks for the several copies of the Blade, which came to me yesterday. I shall go to work at once, as per agreement and see if there is anything in me, from a solicitors standpoint. If there is you are entitled to it all. I like the new style of the Blade. She is handy to handle and gee whiz! just full of the pure cream—no "kinmons," and with the caliber of the guns at your command you should be able to fire a shot that will cause them all to sit up and take notice.—W. H. COX.

Splendid Compliment.

CANAL FULTON, OHIO.—My Blade expired the first day of February. The last number I received was January 19 which came in an improved form. I think it will be quite an improvement. I see Mr. Charlesworth has concluded to help to push the Blade along. I consider him one of the best lecturers in the liberal field and his funeral addresses are simply grand. Enclosed please find \$1.50 for my Blade another year.—J. B. LAWRENCE.

Bible Made Him an Atheist.

FOREST CITY, IOWA.—Please find enclosed order for one dollar and fifty cents to pay for the Blade until the first day of October 1908. I have been a reader of the Blade for ten years. If I had not liked the Blade I would not have spent my money for it. I like the paper better now than I did when Mr. C. C. Moore edited it. There is

not so much quarreling in the paper now as there was some years back. I dislike quarreling. I am free to say that I have found more beneficial reading in the Blade than in all the books and papers that I ever read, except the bible. Reading the bible made an atheist of me and I think the reading of the bible will make an atheist of any honest, intelligent man or woman.

If all the men and women of America had read the Blue Grass Blade as long as I have, John Alexander Dowie would never have been known as the "first apostle" and the City of Zion would never have been built.

And if all men and women would read the Blade they would not build churches and support thousands of yelping bull necked priests and preachers. For the priests and preachers know no more about God the Devil, heaven, or hell or a human soul, or a life after what we call death, than a hungry hog knows about music. A hungry hog knows enough about music to make a hell of a noise and all that the priests and preachers know about God or the Devil is to make a hell of a noise. I would be pleased to send five subscribers to the Blade but cannot. I live in a neighborhood of Swedes, Norwegians and Danes, and they are all confirmed Lutherans. All of them expects a crown in exchange of their cheeks when they pass them in.

ISAAC CONNER.

Would Like Name Changed.

ASHLAND, KY.—Inclosed you will find my check for four dollars and fifty cents, which you will kindly place to the credit of my father, L. J. Gray, at Xenia, Ohio. I know he will not want to miss an issue. Since starting this letter I have collected three more dollars to be applied to R. S. Carr's account and one fifty for a new subscriber, Dr. William Saulsbury. Please start him on the first Magazine issue. By way of comment would say I am very pleased with the new form of paper, and I heartily indorse what Parrish B. Ladd says in regard to changing the name of the paper to the "Age of Reason." I am indeed pleased to see our old time writers returning, such as Mrs. Henry, Dr. T. J. Bowles, and our old friend M. Grier Kidder, whom I have always thought the best Kidder of all. Now what is the matter with that old "War Horse" Dr. Wilson? Try and get him back in the harness as you know we all miss his writings very much. Capt. R. S. Carr sends his best wishes and says he likes the paper much better in its new form.—BANNING GRAY.

Also Approves Change.

AUGUSTA, MICHIGAN.—The "Blade" came to hand O. K. I enclose an article for Blade. A criticism on a preacher's foolishness. If you can, send me 4 copies, as I want to send one to J. O. Smith and one to

the preacher. We must "carry the war into Africa" and get after all the rot that the preachers are trying to force down the people. Now if you publish the enclosed don't forget the copies.

In my haste I forget to give you praise for the beautiful size—just right to hold easy, and all around improvement in the "Blade" made recently. I think it very much better, and I believe with Parrish B. I add that the name ought to be changed to "The Age of Reason" so as to represent the cause we fight for. This is only a suggestion, and may not be proper, in the case as other things may have bearings.—F. B. HALL.

Copy Has Been Sent.

DUNCAN, MO.—Enclosed you will find ten (10) cents in stamps for which please send me a few copies of the Blue Grass Blade.

And have you copies of "Dog Fennel" for sale? NOLA TEAGUE.

And—This Is God.

MAYSVILLE, KY.—Enclosed find stamps, please send me copy each of No. 39, 40, 41 for same and oblige.

Much has been said lately about the "In God We Trust" on the dollar. I think it would be the proper thing to make it "In Gold We Trust, and this is God." Then make it half its value in silver and half in gold, like the Christian God.—LOUIS ROSER.

From A Co-Laborer.

ABBEVILLE, LA.—I wish to thank you for your mention of the Red Flag in last issue of the Blade. We have, at last, secured second class rates and most of our troubles are over. I also desire to compliment you on the appearance of the Blade. The new dress makes it very much easier to keep. Will say a good word for the Blade whenever possible.

I enclose a list of radical freethinkers to whom you may send sample copies.

—E. J. HOFFPAUR.

Quite A Bundle Of Praise.

Franklin, Pa.

I have just received first copy of the paper in new dress. Am well pleased with it. I like it, and would be delighted to send you names of some who would read and become subscribers, but in this land of bibles blighted by the light of the gas pili (opaque darkness of ignorance, bigotry and superstition) I know of none. A few weak kneed doubters there are but for peace, policy, or fear of their better half dare not investigate, or take into their homes anything that questions the truth and holiness of god's holy word. I find some amusement interviewing the clergy as to the whyness of the which, and the wherefore of the what and get some of

them to read some of our illustrious Robert G's productions. Such as "The Declaration Of the Free," "Facts worth knowing", and "Impeachment of Christianity" by Abbot. It confuses and sometimes confounds them. For the lay members I have some paraphrasing of sacred booh, that I spring on them on suitable occasions such as this:

"Praise gwad, from whom all evils flow,
Praise him for what he does not know,
Praise him for what he has not done,
Praise him for murdering his only son.

Then sing (Glory Halluyah).

We will go-on-Glory Hell and Onions

We will go-on-serving our fraud god almighty hellions."

*Hellions are brands plucked from the eternal burning, hell's kindling badly scorched.

God—out of Christ is a consuming fire—he is angry with the wicked every day, and upon them. He will rain a horrible tempest, of hell fire and damnation.

The Lord God is a sun of shield. He will give grace and glory to the hypocrit. No thing will be withheld from the fellow that can swipe it.

I am nearing the sixty-ninth mile stone on this trip and do not expect to come

this way again. Was raised strenuously orthodox in community of Methodism, Campbellite and Presbyterian. Heard their discussions and bickering, but took exception to all of them. Was persuaded while in my teens to bow at the foot of the cross and try to cultivate my imagination to the accepting and saving point but the pill was too insipid, the plan too absurd and illogical, and I stepped out of the ranks. Have lived my life without fear or reverence for an impossible God. No hope or desire to be saved by the plan of priestcraft. Have no fear or dread of the unknown future; but the time to live is now; the place here and the way to enjoy life is to do right in trying to help others enjoy it.

Wishing you the full satisfying success you deserve in your work, I am

J. W. BOWMAN.

Let us believe neither half of the good people tell us of ourselves, nor half the evil they say of others.

To refuse to give way to "the blues" and to keep cheerful, whatever happens, is a practical way of making others happy.

THE TELEO-MECHANICS OF NATURE

The above entitled work in 8 parts and 115 chapters treats of the source, nature and functions of the sub-conscious minds or "cell-souls" (as Prof. Haeckel terms them) which are beginning to be recognized by Biologists, Psychologists and Physiologists as the consciously and intelligently operating factors in the evolution of plant and animal life and to the study of which I have devoted a life-time, condensing my views and observations in the above volume. It is devoid of all metaphysical speculation, and from the mass of scientifically demonstrated facts the reader will draw his own conclusions regarding the tenability of the God and Immortality doctrines.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, of Versailles, Ky., President of The Free-thought Federation Of America writes as follows:

"Received the Synopsis of your book, 'The Teleo-Mechanics of Nature,' and read it with great profit and pleasure. It has opened up great fields of thought to me. I will keep your pamphlet near me; perhaps it will bring more light as I read and ponder. A world groping in darkness needs you. You are certainly a student, scientist and philosopher, and have scored several points against Haeckel that it seems to me cannot be controverted. I truly hope that your book will have a wide circulation in all lands and will be translated into many languages."

Prof. Ernest Haeckel writes:

"My dear Mr. Wettstein. Your treatise in the form of a Synopsis of your book 'The Teleo-Mechanics Of Nature, being a commendable critique of my World-Riddles, has been received and read with great interest. While we differ on a few questions, notably the one relating to the consciousness or unconsciousness of the mind in Nature, I sincerely hope that your masterly efforts will contribute much towards dispelling the obscurity and confusion prevailing in these momentous problems of Science and Philosophy.

With highest esteem, Yours," etc.

Great Combination Offer. A copy of the Synopsis (a large 16 page pamphlet in handsome cover), price 10c; a copy of "Facts Worth Knowing," (containing addresses of Ingersoll, Pentecost and Mrs. Henry), price 15c; and Paine's "Age of Reason," price 25c, (50c value) all sent prepaid on receipt of 25c in stamps or silver. First two books alone for 10c to all mentioning the Blade.

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Charles Chilton Moore.

When a young man the author had started out to walk through the Holy Lands on foot. Reaching Paris he gave up the journey and returned home. He made the trip by rail and boat about three years before his death. This book gives an account of what he saw and explodes numerous Christian myths. It is especially suitable for a present.

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A TRIP TO ROME

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DR. J. B. WILSON.

The International Congress of Freethinkers was held in the City of Rome, Italy, September 21, 1904. The author attended that Congress as the American delegate. It is an account of travel and personal experiences that has received an universal encomium from press and people. In it religious dogmas and tales of priestly fiction are ruthlessly exposed while the general style is without comparison in American literature of travel.

Cloth bound, 360 pages, illustrated.
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The Virgin Mary

By M. Grier Kidder
Paper 10 Cents.

This article first appeared in the columns of the Blade and Editor Moore and James E. Hughes were indicted by the federal Grand jury at Louisville for sending obscene matter through the mails. The prosecution was dismissed. The article was then republished in the Blade and later put into pamphlet form. Thousands of copies have been sold. It is a useful missionary document. Full of humor and argument.

Twenty-five copies for \$1.00.

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Three of WINWOOD READE'S
Celebrated Works.

Martyrdom of Man.

NOW IN ITS TWELFTH EDITION.

This book is a very interestingly pictured synopsis of universal history, showing what the race has undergone—its martyrdom—in its rise to its present plane. It shows how war and religion have been oppressive factors in the struggle for liberty, and the last chapter, of some 150 pages, describes his intellectual struggle from the animal period of the earth to the present, adding an outline of what the author conceives would be a religion of reason and love.

CLOTH, \$1.00.

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Is a Freethought Novel of great literary merit. It shows the bigotry and Superstition that exists in the Church. It portrays a vivid picture of a Minister who was honest enough to throw off the shackles of Superstition.

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This interesting work gives a very clear and accurate account of the earliest formation of Religion and Freemasonry. Many of the Ancient rites and mysterious ceremonies that are used by the Churches and Masonic orders, are here given in detail and shows conclusively how they originated.

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